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MARCH/APRIL 2014

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TABOO Editorial

STRICTLY SPEAKING



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Again we find ourselves sadly devoting this page *in memorium* to a much loved and sorely missed member of our community. Carlos Batts—photographer, video director and performance artist—departed suddenly at age 40 not long ago. He leaves behind his beloved soul mate, April Flores, porn star and aspiring photographer whose career he helped nurture, along with hundreds of friends and fellow creative workers to whom he was an inspiration. A Baltimore transplant, not only was Batts a prolific and polymathic contributor to the artcore scene, he was in every way a kind, funny, decent and generous soul whose easygoing manner left none uncharmed. He was an early contributor to TABOO and a

friend of this magazine's family throughout his career.

He bequeaths to us all his unique vision in books including *Wild Skin*, *American Gothic*, *Crazy Sexy Hollywood* and *Fat Girl*, walls full of drawings, paintings and sketches, offbeat projects like *Alter Ego* (a series of video vignettes devoted to his muse, April) and an impressive videography of such titles as *Voluptuous Biker Babes*, *Young Hollywood*, *Glamazons*, *Kiss Attack* and *Behind the Red Door*. A protean talent who chose sex in all its diversity as his subject, he not only lent his own inspiration to the milieu in which he worked, he also chronicled it. Years hence those seeking understanding of today's edgiest

sexual sensibilities will look to his work for its insight and its wit. In April Flores he found a like-minded adventurer whose own artistic efforts he supported and encouraged.

Carlos Batts was irreplaceable. His loss at so early an age is particularly tragic. We have no doubt he would have continued for many years to amaze and amuse us with his unique take on our life and times.

If there were more people like Carlos in this world, it would be a better world. He made it a better place while he was here, and his memory will continue to enlighten and enliven it for a very long time to come.

—Ernest Greene, Executive Editor

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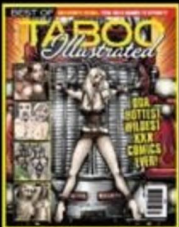
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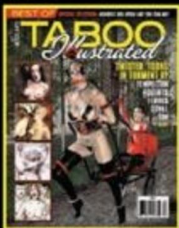
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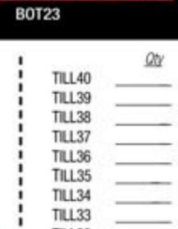
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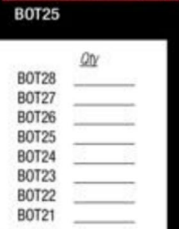
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HUSTLER'S TABOO® MARCH/APRIL 2014

- 6 **LAYLA—WOMAN-HANDLED**
Photography by Ed Fox
- 14 **FLY, CARLOS BATTS, FLY**
Photos by Eric Kroll
- 15 **CHAIN MAIL**
But What Do You Really Think?
- 16 **FETISH FOCUS**
Hot Stretch
- 18 **ANIKKA—ANATOMICALLY CORRECTED**
Photography by Dave Naz
- 28 **URINATION NATION**
Featuring Jenna
- 30 **SUBSPACE**
Seeking Subs Bound For Dom Nation
by Nina Hartley
- 32 **SADIE—TORTURED BY DESIRE**
Photography by Lightworship
- 42 **LESBI K. LEIH IS OUT TO SEDUCE YOU**
Argentinian Artist Lesbi K. Leih Brings a
Woman's Touch to Her Luscious Images
Special Feature by Ernest Greene
Art by Lesbi K. Leih
- 48 **TABOO'S ANAL ADVISOR**
Pipe Cleaners, Salad Tossers, Gape Capers
by Tristan Taormino
- 50 **BLANCHE—CELLAR BEWARE**
Photography by Matti Klatt
- 58 **VIRGA AND EXO—HOT TO THE BLOCK**
Photography by Ken Marcus
- 74 **INDEFINITE DETENTION—PART TEN**
Graphic Novel by Gary Roberts



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LAYLA

Woman Handled

Photography by ED FOX

Layla needs an iron hand in a latex glove, and her Mistress knows it. A good grip on her tits and a ball-gag stuffed in her mouth put her in the mood to entertain, as she must in her lewd scraps of rubber for a hungry, waiting crowd. The solid application of the leather strap to Layla's ass warms her up in just the right way. She'll be more than happy to amuse the boys by the time the ruthless domina gets done with her. Knowing a woman is more easily broken by pleasure than by pain alone, she peels down Layla's panties and slams her on her back.

Spreading and touching and poking, it doesn't take her long to have Layla squirming and moaning. Now the little slut wants to get off. She'll work harder if she has to



wait for it until afterward. Meantime she can sit up and take a slathering of hot wax all down her bare torso. Predictably, the mixed stimulation agitates Layla's bladder, so miserably swollen she'll promise anything for permission to pee. The arcing flume of golden liquid would be an embarrassment but Layla's too far gone to care. As soon as the last drops are out, she's on her back again, nipples up and pleading for just one more turn with the vibe before she's turned over from the hands of the woman who knows her best to those of men who don't know her at all.





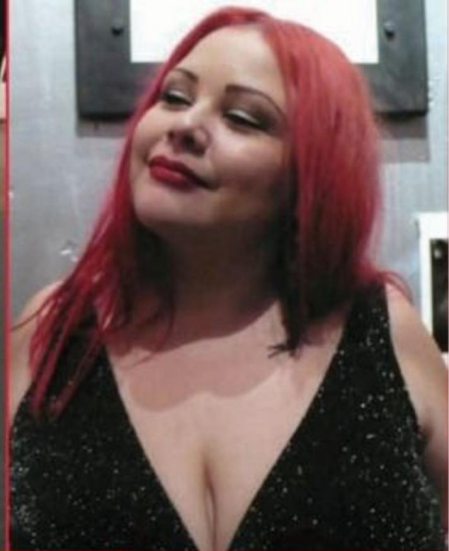












FLY, CARLOS BATTS, FLY

Hundreds of L.A.'s artists, photographers, models, stage performers, personal friends and family turned out at Antebellum Gallery recently to bid farewell to artist, photographer and director Carlos Batts, who left us far too soon at the age of 40. It was a sad occasion, but also a celebration of a remarkable life. His motto, aptly, was "Live life to the fullest, without fear or regret." In recent years his life and partnership with performer/photographer April Flores was the main focus of his attention, and through that relationship he helped redefine ideas about beauty and sexuality in a way that inspired many of those in attendance.

PHOTOS BY ERIC KROLL



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TABOO READERS
RANT AND RAVE



Please keep those letters coming!
Xoo Hanna

ANIMATED SUSPENSION

TABOO's February 2014 pictorial *Faye—Twined Date* boasted all I could have hoped for—a truly hot babe straining in a truly demanding *shibari* suspension. A bondage model that appealing deserves the kind of high-quality working over she got, and her ecstatic, post-orgasmic face after being whipped, hot-waxed and zippered with a tight rope around her neck shows how much she appreciated it. That's the kind of bondage I buy TABOO to see.

—A. Arnold, Grand Island, Nebraska

HARD LOVING

The fabulously dirty blonde sub in February 2014's *Casey and Lee—Convincing Case* is the finest piece of MILF meat I've seen in a while. She really knows how to suffer from weighted suction cups on her tits and clamps opening her for inspection. The shiny steel shackles and the mean-looking tit clamps were great, but the way Casey takes cock in her mouth or her cunt and bathes in the full load afterward would make me want another round with her. Let's hope we see more of Casey in the future.

NATURAL WOMAN

As a submissive woman myself, I really appreciated your February 2014 interview with model Casey Calvert. I only wish I'd had as clear a head about what I wanted and needed at age 23 as she does. She really owns her preferences, whether they involve a good spanking or electro-play and anal sex. I can relate to the way she likes to test her own limits. It takes guts to be out the way Casey is, and she's fortunate to have an accepting family. She's got lots of good advice to share with girls like me. Thanks for giving us a voice.

—slave marilyn, Portland, Oregon

NUTS FOR NICOLE

I think Nicole (*Nicole—Hot Box*, February 2014) might just be the finest fuck-doll TABOO has ever had. All she needs are latex stockings, high heels and a few chains to show her off properly. Her face and body are totally spectacular, and I loved the way she reacted to everything that happened to her, obviously enjoying both the pain and the pleasure equally. Some lucky Master out there can only hope to have her stretched out at his feet in front of the fireplace. That's my idea of a fine evening at home.

Jasper Thompson, Modesto, California





FETISH FOCUS

TABOO'S KINK DU JOUR

Hot Stretch



Zentai spandex suit

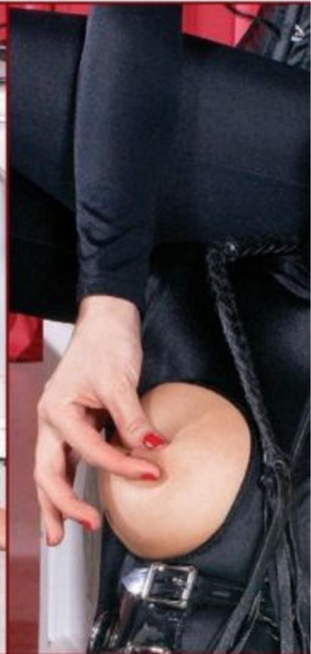
Fetish recapitulates fashion as ontogeny recapitulates phylogeny. What's worn on the street in one generation is likely to show up in the bedroom of the next. Of course, the generation that follows that one may well take the fetish iteration out onto the street as fashion again, much the way corsets vanished as undergarments for nearly a century, then reappeared as stage costuming for Madonna and subsequently in various forms for public display. Lately they appear headed back for the bedroom.

Unlike corsets, spandex is relatively new to the world. Invented in 1959 by chemists C.L. Sandquist and Joseph Shivers at DuPont's Benger Laboratory in Waynesboro, Virginia, the stretchy, body-hugging fabric's name is an anagram for "expands," which is what it does when worn on a human body. Like the more exotic and fragile latex it was meant to replace, spandex hugs

charismatic and physically attractive. Moreover, superheroines (or antiheroines like Catwoman) were often tightly bound as well as tightly dressed in various situations, no doubt contributing to the pervy appeal of the body-hugging fabric.

By the '80s, spandex had made its way out of the media world of comic book characters and Olympic athletes and into retail clothing, where it was offered in a rainbow of garish colors and snug cuts to accentuate the physiques of female consumers, with decidedly mixed results. A fit body with curves in all the right places can only benefit from the embrace of spandex. But there was no law restricting the wearing of it to those who ought, resulting in some of the worst Fashion Police emergencies of the decade. What looks great on an Olympic gymnast, or on Batman for that matter, doesn't necessarily flatter the ordinary body. Not surprisingly, spandex largely went the way of big hair for most consumers.

It acquired a new life, however, as a comfortable, inexpensive and relatively durable form of "second skin" for those drawn to the confining yet revealing



anatomical contours with a fierce devotion, concealing skin while leaving all body details very much on display.

If fetishes are formed by early observation of appealing individuals dressed in a specific manner that shows off the elements of their attractiveness, it's hardly surprising that spandex would be enjoying the high popularity it does among kinksters today, the most active of whom were born around the time spandex became a popular costume fabric for superheroes. The first bodies seen wearing it were templates for sexual fantasies, being powerful,

properties of latex. Like its more exotic vulcanized cousin, spandex creates an illusion of nudity without showing any skin whatsoever. It can be worn in public with rope or bondage gear applied over it without risk of arrest, which made it very popular for the kind of elaborate bondage exhibitions staged by the late Jeff Gord and other restraint enthusiasts wanting to show their spectacular creations to wider audiences while avoiding the possibility of charges of indecent exposure.

Like latex, spandex also transmits sensation. Affording little protection, the wearer can feel a firm

spanking or a solid flogging right through it. For that matter, a vibrator applied over spandex-upholstered erogenous zones makes orgasmic response without nudity entirely practical.

Spandex fetishism, though, isn't merely for the exhibitionistic. It has tactile properties as well. Spandex conforms to every bodily feature with fierce dedication, creating memorable cameltoe effects and leaving no doubt as to when nipples are erect. The wearer cannot help being made more conscious of these effects as a result of the slight but constant friction and constriction spandex generates in close contact with bare skin. And unlike rubber, it soaks through readily from either the inside or the outside, offering opportunities for sensation play in addition to sexual display.

Much like pantyhose and other clinging garments, spandex costumes create a powerful illusion of accessibility that can be made real with the application of a sharp instrument. Its relatively low cost makes it fairly disposable when the moment arrives for direct contact. Its elasticity when cut causes it to roll back from the newly exposed terrain with dramatic effect, as was demonstrated unforgettably in Stanley Kubrick's dystopian fantasy *A Clockwork Orange*. Its body-emphasizing tightness, relative cheapness and obvious fragility seem to invite peeling. Many a *shibari* scene that begins with elaborate rope being woven around a fabric-wrapped body reaches a visual climax when the membrane-thin textile is cut away, leaving the ropes intact while uncovering the flesh beneath.

Given these properties, it's not surprising that Japan has become a major nexus of spandex fetishism. Taking things to the customary extreme, the Japanese have developed their own style of spandex fetish wear known as *zentai*—spandex bodysuits that cover the wearer literally from head to toe, including the face. This adds an element of anonymity that can be quite liberating in a socially conservative culture. Groups of *zentai* enthusiasts gather for conventions during which naughty behavior can be enjoyed in front of an audience while



protecting the identities of those involved. A cottage industry of *zentai* makers has sprung up in Japan, and a parallel market for spandex costumes has blossomed here in the States in recent years. Some companies have tried to create mainstream brands of the suits by dropping the traditional name; in particular, examples include RootSuit or Superfan Suit in the United States and Bodysocks or Second Skins by Smiffy's (also Morphsuits in the United Kingdom and Jyhmskin in Finland). Morphsuits has achieved relative commercial success internationally. Between January and late-October 2010, the company shipped 10,000 alone to Canada, which strikes us as a rather chilly venue for such enthusiasms, but fetishes are rarely subject to practical considerations.

Predictably, spandex is now back out of the closet where it can be seen adorning the toned geography of professional athletes, dancers and extras in music videos. A British theme park even offers free admission for those wearing *zentai* in the colors of the park's logo. An obvious must for cosplayers, spandex suits are ubiquitous at fantasy forums like the massive yearly ComicCon.

Partly visual and partly tactile, spandex fetishism is as much a modern phenomenon to our era as latex fetishism was to the postwar generation that celebrated rubber in "futuristic" publications like *AtomAge*. As such, it may soon go back in the closet to await revival by the next tribe of fashionistas in a few years.

Let's just hope they don't bring back shoulder pads to go with it. □





Anikka

ANATOMICALLY CORRECTED

Photography by DAVE NAZ

My ass knows its way around a cock, but he sends me to Madame's place for specialized anal training anyway. I don't expect the brightly painted salon, the pink ropes or the girly garter and stockings I'm issued. I did figure on the mean clamps biting my tit flesh while I hear how I'll be shaped into the butt-slut doll of my Dom's dreams. The process is no dream for me. The leather straps and paddles tenderizing my backside are all too real. With my ankles lashed to the chair legs all I can do is bend over and take it when my instructor-bitch stuffs the rubber balls up my tailpipe. She doesn't care if I look miserable as long as I do it cute.





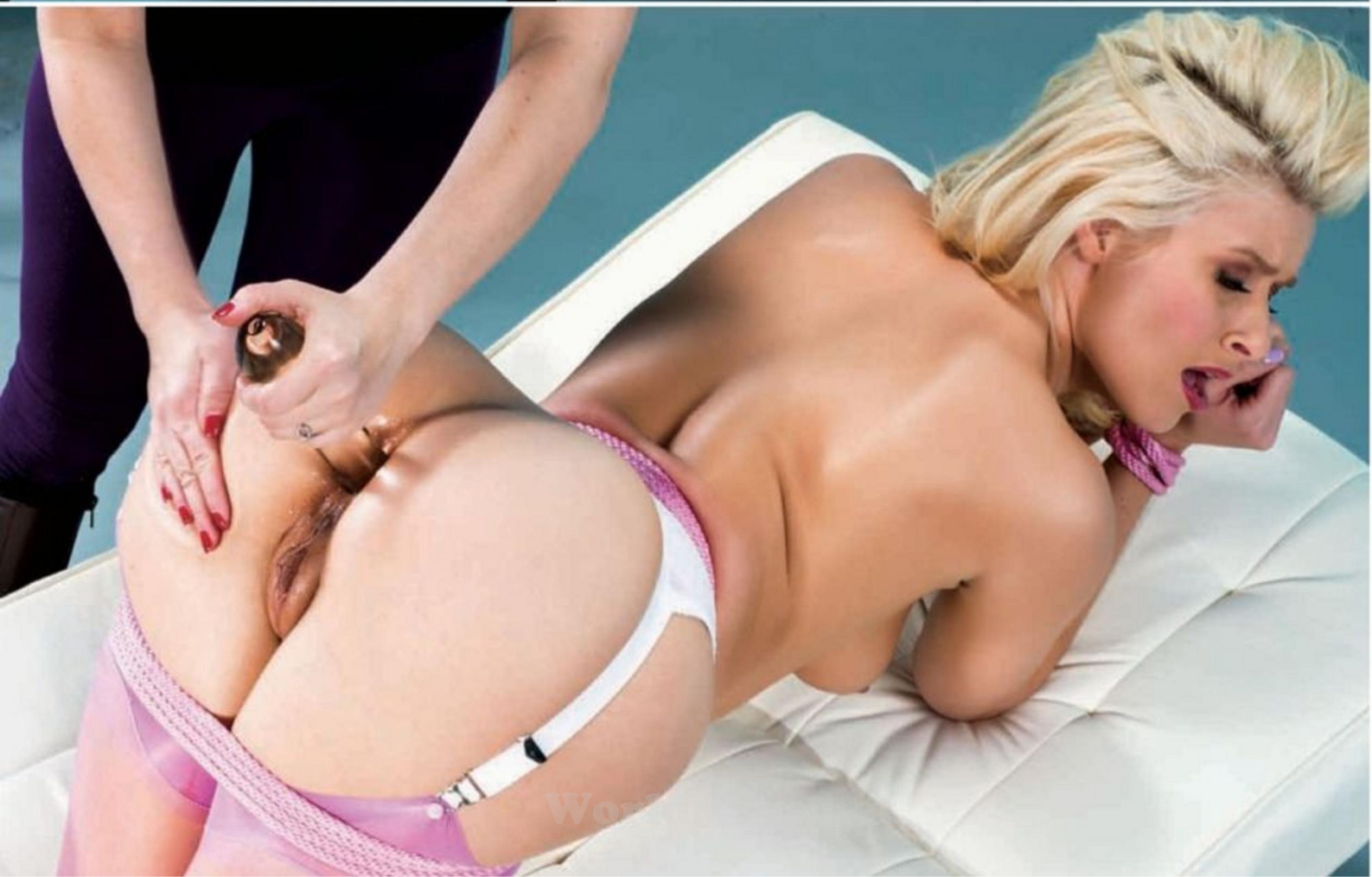
The balls are literally just an opener. Slapped down in the chair with my ass cheeks spread wide, I feel the cold invasion of the glass probe. It's thick, slick and bumpy. She drills me with it until my gape is as pink as my stockings. But the hogtie with the flexible shaft roped into my tight socket is the cleverest trick. Every time I squirm in the ropes I buttfuck myself from a different angle. I try to convince her that I'm ready to pass my owner's tests, but she's got a last one of her own—the thickest clear dildo I've ever seen. When she's done with it I'll be roped down with my pucker up, ready to be his perfectly penetrated plaything.















URINATION NATION

FEATURING

JENNA

PHOTOGRAPHY
BY MATTI KLATT

Jenna wants to be my slave. I make her prove it, starting with a long period of contemplation chained naked to a tree behind the house. Serving me will not necessarily be comfortable. Undeterred, she enters on command when released to face the tests ahead. Hogtied with steel cuffs, hair pulled back hard, Jenn still longs to prove herself worthy. Very well. Flipped over to expose her most sensitive regions, Jenna experiences the cruel dressage on her thighs, tits and pussy. Quite a screamer she is, but my gloved hand gripping her fuckhole proves more compelling than the whip striping her delicate holes and she comes hard in a sudden wave of spasms. Suitably impressive, as is her ability to steady up and fuck herself to another climax on a rubber dick while being groped and choked.

So far so good, but what of her pretty, puckered anus, which will see regular use if she becomes mine? Lifting her tail, Jenna takes different sizes, shapes and textures of plugs with a hungry look on her face. The final test is not physically demanding but requires the most abject submission. First she must piss in a glass bowl, and then, hips elevated, down her own body, showering her face. Jenna obeys, opening her mouth to swallow her own effluents. Stripped everywhere, sticky with piss, she offers me a choice of orifices. Convinced of her sincerity, I avail myself of all three. Jenna proves herself fit to wear my stripes from now on.



SUBSPACE

BY NINA HARTLEY



TABOO'S Subspace is devoted to the experiences, questions and concerns of submissive women and the men (and women) who love them. In our continuing effort to give voices and faces to the love slaves of our dreams, we provide this forum for fem-sub BDSM players to share their most intimate secrets with TABOO readers. This month, XXX superstar Nina Hartley, who enthusiastically participates in BDSM play as both Domme and sub, offers her advice. She welcomes readers' queries for future installments.

DEAR NINA,

I'm a single woman in my late 20s exploring D/s play, but I haven't had a lot of experience so far. I've talked to people in person and online. I've gone to more than one munch and have attended a play party at the local dungeon. I enjoyed watching and got wet when I saw the flogging demo, after which the female sub knelt and kissed the dom's boots. Looking back on my younger days, I can see that I've had submissive tendencies all

along, and now I'm ready to explore them. As with anything else, I'm sure I'll enjoy some aspects of my new role more than others. Based on your own experience, what are the best things about being submissive? What are the things you dislike that come with the territory?

—Looking, Chicago, Illinois

DEAR LOOKING:

I commend you on taking your time exploring kink sex before you plunge in headfirst. I've found it takes a while to find your comfort zone on the kink continuum. In my experience, the best thing about being submissive is the break from daily responsibilities it affords me. During playtime I don't have to make decisions about anything, including what I'll be doing next. Whether I fetch the whip, present my ass, suck a cock or have an orgasm, I'm not the one in charge. All I have to do is respond to sensation and serve my dominant partner's wishes. It's like a short vacation from my usual situation in which I carry the responsibility of many choices. I also find being the center of my partner's attention very sexy and romantic. To get the best service out of me he has to concentrate his energies on reading my signals and planning what we'll do together.

As a submissive I'm allowed the space to be super-feminine and girly, aspects of my personality that don't always get to come out and play with an appreciative mate. Nothing says "girl" like towering stilettos, tightly laced corsets and super-slutty eye makeup.

What I don't like so much about being submissive is rolling the dice and ending up with someone (if only for a few hours) who doesn't know what he's doing and tries to mask his inexperience by bluffing his way through or taking a harsh attitude toward me. I'm in a committed, deeply satisfying nonmonogamous M/s relationship and don't require a casual play partner to be an expert in every sophisticated BDSM technique. However, I do require that he be, at the very least, respectful and personable.

Another annoyance on the way to finding Master Right is putting up with someone trying to prove his mastery by overreaching.

Photography by Pony Gold



I much prefer simple groping, fondling, whipping, oral worship and fucking done well to suffering through a scene while someone tries to impress me with gear he hasn't mastered or a trick he's still learning or his affected attitude of domly domishness. Practice that whipping on a pillow before you use my ass, okay? Last, but not worst, is having someone treat me as "less than" because I prefer to play from the submissive position. Subs are equal to doms and they need each other to be happy! Don't settle for less.

DEAR NINA,

I read a lot about D/s relationships where who controls what is a big part of the dynamic. Even when a couple isn't 24/7, there seems always to be some aspects of the submissive's life that are controlled by the dominant partner. As a submissive, but very independent, woman I have trouble wrapping my mind around the control issue.

Does your Master control parts of your life? If so, which ones? Do you like this? Are there aspects of your life you wish he did control? Aspects that you wish he didn't?

I hope one day to find a Master to whom I can give myself fully, but until I figure out how I feel about control I don't think I'll be ready.

**—Waiting But Not Ready,
Des Moines, Iowa**

DEAR WAITING:

Good for you for realizing that you'll not be able to fully commit to a dominant partner until you figure out your issues with control, or the letting go of it.

Each D/s couple must decide for itself what areas are open to control, when, for how long, and for what purposes. These negotiations can go on for years, with the boundaries and parameters subtly shifting as the relationship matures and deepens.

When you understand what your issues are and from whence they came, you'll be better able to negotiate any play situation and be clear about what helps keep you in subspace and what will kick you out of it in a hurry. A wise partner will pay attention and not do those things that will cut the scene short.

Master does control the sexual parts of my life that concern him directly, which include what I wear for sex play, how I groom my pussy and apply my eye makeup, how I sit, stand, walk, address him, ask for what I need, ask permission to come, etc. I like this very much since I like to be a pleasing sex partner and it reinforces our dynamic. While we're always aware of who we are to each other, he's not one to control me when we're not actually playing. As a modern woman, I very much appreciate that about him. You might want a potential partner to have similar boundaries.

We joke that "we're not 'BDSM 24/7,' we're more like 'BDSM 7-Midnight.'" We always treat each other well and respectfully (Master says, "We're more Old World than Old School"), even when we're not playing. We admire those 24/7 couples that we know, but we don't have the time, energy or emotional bandwidth to do it ourselves.

I don't wish for him to control any more of my life than he does, and, since he doesn't try to control me with "Because I'm the Master, that's why" outside of the dungeon, there is no part of my life I wish he didn't control.

As you get more experience with both positive and negative play situations you'll develop your own list of "must-haves" and "must-not-haves" when it comes to attributes you seek in a partner. □






SADIE TORTURED BY DESIRE

Photography by LIGHTWORSHIP

Stainless steel bondage gear and canes
courtesy of Rapture Novelties.
www.rapturenovelties.com

WorldMags.net





The crushing tit clamp makes Sadie's pierced nipples ache and throb. Proffering the cane, she knows he'll use it mercilessly, packing her hole with the rubber phallus while he slashes the ratan deep into her muscular backside. A searing swat to spread the heat over her ass flesh follows every stroke. Gripped by the throat, mousetraps tormenting her tender tit tips, Sadie rattles her chains as she grinds back against the hardness in his trousers.

Cold chains are switched out for biting ropes. Sadie feels the rude intrusion of the balls popping through the ring of her anus. He never neglects that part. But his special treat for her today is the array of colorfully feathered needles, long and thick, with which he ornaments her back after lashing her to the bed. Sadie only grows juicier as the sharpened steel spikes sink into her soft skin. She has to hold very still when the cane returns to stripe her rump or the needles will twist and pull in her flesh. Lacing her toes to help her keep still, she endures the trial only to be rewarded with more



steel, a long, cold hook pulled deeply into her dripping gash. Sadie's so hot and swollen down there the hook's rude intrusion just brings her closer to coming. There will be other tests required to merit that relief, but for a pain-slut like Sadie, the greater the agony, the greater the ecstasy. She's lucky to have found a man who hurts her right.







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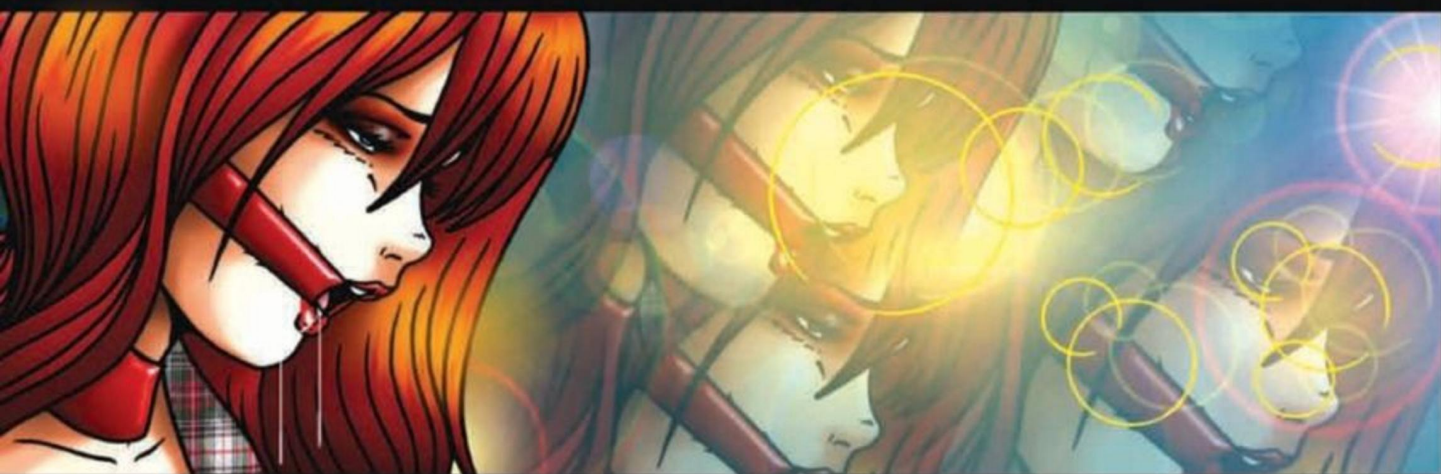
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*"I Need to Feel Your
Hook Deep Inside!"*

xoxoxo Sadie







LESBI K. LEIH Is OUT to SEDUCE YOU

Argentinian Artist Brings a Woman's Touch
and a Fiery Temperament to Her Luscious
Images of Feminine Submission

Special Feature by Ernest Greene

Art by Lesbi K. Leih

The visions of Lesbi K. Leih slip through viewers' defenses like a sharp knife through silk chiffon. Her women are lovely fetish dolls and her men often surprisingly attractive for a medium in which ugliness tends to work from the outside in. The particulars of setting and costume are deceptively elegant. But beneath the sleek, seductive surfaces of Ms. Leih's work lies a gleaming edge of perverted menace. The cruelty may be subtle and sophisticated compared to that of many BDSM illustrators, but it's all the more chilling as a result. Her influences evidence an appetite for cultural variety as avid as her enthusiasm for luring viewers with irresistible eye candy. Japanese comics, rock 'n' roll, gothic romanticism and the classic trappings of traditional fetish style blend smoothly with her ink. The result is a sinister charm that insinuates itself into the fantasies of even the most jaded kink-comic consumer. A conversation with Ms. Leih whisks the interviewer through time and space to taste the many flavors that make her dark vision consistently enticing.





HT: How did you become interested in drawing comics?

LKL: I loved to draw starting when I was very young. One day while going through my older brother's things I found a Beatles album. I loved the music and started to draw the band obsessively. The drawings turned into comic strips in which the musicians were the protagonists, very similar to the way they were in *A Hard Day's Night*. I still love the Beatles, and I still draw them.

HT: There seems to be a strong *manga* influence in your work. Are you a fan?

LKL: These days, I consume more *hentai* images than *manga*. But *Sailor Moon* has stuck with me strongly since I was 20 years old. I love drawings full of colors, stars, hearts and "bubblegum." Now I follow both *manga* and *hentai* artists, including Ritsuke Mita, Mazakazu Katsura, Falcon, Satoshi Urushihara, Masamune Shirow and Sadamoto. There's always something I can learn from them. As you can see, it's a volatile mix, but interesting to combine. That's why I love *hentai*. I love the idea of drawing beyond our existential probabilities. It's new art, "bang art" as I like to call it, a mixture of early dreams and adult fantasies. It's bubblegum on the verge of exploding.

What I like best about Eastern sex art is the technique of illustrating great depravity with pretty girls to stimulate the imagination. It's also very focused on the details: tight clothing, wet nipples, etc. And the women are never vulgar. It sounds illogical, and it is. My girls may be locked up in a cellar, but they never mess up their hair or smudge their eye makeup. I believe in beauty first of all, no matter how hard the content. I place a lot of emphasis on the face and hair. I speak through the eyes of my characters. They have something to say beyond the paper. That is very *manga-hentai*.

HT: What makes a BDSM comic great?

LKL: A good plot is ideal, but beyond that it needs very good drawing and, most important, good visual storytelling to portray the strength of the characters. My intention is always to seduce with images that are strong, beautiful and real, images that take you from the plaza to the bottom of the cellar.

HT: Unlike some BDSM artists, your bad guys are bad to the bone but not unattractive. Does this come from having a woman's perspective?

LKL: Pretty boys also can be bad, of course. But my approach goes beyond the perspective of a woman. I like to draw different personalities, different women with different bodies, skin tones, makeup, styles, etc. It's the same with men. I can appreciate thin, fat, ugly or beautiful. It's not just about my personal taste. I also think of what pleases the reader. I work with my life partner, who is also my artistic collaborator and draws his own comics under the name Alex Anderson. He helps me avoid doing just what I like. For that reason, he often draws the villains. He puts that masculinity in the men—that roughness that I sometimes have trouble capturing. The important thing is not to become bored. If I always draw the same girl with the same breasts and just change the wig or always use the same style of villain, the artist gets bored and the reader gets bored. Personally, if I must choose, I prefer to be attacked by the pretty type and not the rough-looking sort.

HT: Is it a challenge to live and work so closely with your significant other?

LKL: Of course! And that's the spice of life! We complement each other well. We like to laugh and have fun. That's why we're together, aside from the love we have for one

FRIENDS. THEY JUST TICKLE
THEIR CLITTIES WHILE LOOKING
AT CELEBRITY MAGAZINES!



I CAN'T BREATHE.
SOMEONE HELP
ME, PLEASE!
...GAG... HELP!!!

CINDY WAS UNCHAINED AND ROUGHLY LOWERED STRAIGHT
HER ALREADY PAINFULLY SWOLLEN ASSHOLE. SHE WAS U
COCK DEEP INTO HER THROAT AND ARMANDO CONTINUE
PULLING, YET NEVER PAUSING IN HIS VIOLAT



UNMINDFUL OF HIS ROUGH HANDS AND JAGGED NAILS THAT SCRAPED AND TORE AT HER TENDER FLESH, ARMANDO PLUNGED
FOUR FINGERS DEEP INTO CINDY'S ASS WITHOUT WARNING. NO ONE HAD EVER TOUCHED HER THERE AND SHE SCREAMED IN
PAIN. AS HIS FINGERS CONTINUED TO STRETCH AND PAINFULLY TORTURE HER, ARMANDO BIT DOWN HARD ON HER CLIT AND
THRUST HIS TONGUE DEEP INTO HER CLINT. TONGUE AND FINGERS AND TEETH BEGAN TO POUND OUT A PAINFUL RHYTHM...

NOT ABOUT TO BE LEFT OUT OF HIS FRIENDS SADISTIC USE OF THEIR SHARED CAPTIVE, JOEY PULLED THE BALL
FROM CINDY'S GAG AND IMMEDIATELY PROVE HIS HARD, THROBBING COCK DEEP INTO HER MOUTH.



HEY, ARMANDO, THAT'S A GREAT
BEAT. WE OUGHTA WRITE A
SONG TO THIS ONE. "FUCK,
SUCK, RAM, AND SLAM. BOOO,
FAST, 4/4 TEMPO. MAYBE SOME
LYRICS, TOO! HOW'S "FUCK ME,
BABY, SUCK ME, BITCH" SOUND
FOR THE OPENING LINE?

ULP! ...GAG... I... I CAN'T KEEP GOING. I'M
CHOKING! ...SOS... HOW CAN THEY DO THIS TO
ME... I WAS THEIR BIGGEST FAN... AND THEY'RE
JOKING ABOUT USING ME LIKE GARBAGE... LIKE
I'M FILTH THEY FOUND ON THEIR SHOE...

another, which is the base of everything. We are two crazy friends who enjoy a good time. We've learned a lot about art together, to say the least. We share everything. We do everything together. There's nothing of ours that the other won't stick each other's hands in, in all respects. We grow by remaining open to the expansion of possibilities. We've fused our work and our relationship well, with lots of room for freedom and humor. We're the first to critique each other's art. To share art is rare. It was difficult at first. Our egos fought some battles, but that decreased with each passing month. Today we're brilliant. We live in a house full of colors. We're comfortable, happy and love sharing everything.

HT: What fantasies are hottest for you to depict?

LKL: I like to draw scenes of forceful oral sex, whether the girl is willing or not. It excites me to draw sexual scenes where the man shows his power, his masculinity. That motivates me strongly. Conversely, I like lesbian scenes. They're delicate like yaoi [gay hentai], never crude. Sex can be robust but still be infused with great romanticism. I like wet skin, tongues and shiny lips to show the moment of culmination and pain. I try to draw desire on the page.

HT: Where do you find inspiration for your stories?

LKL: Many of my stories are written in collaboration with other authors. Geoff Merrick, a legendary BDSM novelist, is one of my favorites. I respect his fetishes and he respects my need for artistic freedom. This makes for a good working relationship. And, of course, I also work with my partner Alex on story ideas. Some of my stories are pure inspiration. I allow myself to be taken with music I listen to and fantasies arise. I talk them over with my partner. We toss ideas around and then our editor/publisher perfects them. I am somewhat restricted by what my readers want. Some of my ideas are very different from what I draw. Perhaps later on I will explore some of my personal fascinations further. I would love to do a short-term, all-manga comic using characters with giant eyes—something



that looks very Japanese. That would be fun.

HT: The costuming in your art is often highly elaborate and beautiful. How important is that element to creating sexy fantasy art?

LKL: Some of that is Merrick's influence! He's a fetishist and so am I. I love girls in vinyl and devilish shoes. As a woman, I enjoy advantages over certain male artists in this genre. I hate it when you're introduced to a female character and then she's nude throughout the comic. With that same pretty girl I can do something fun, like making her a cheerleader who gets kidnapped and then appears in a vinyl dress that's to die for. Now she's gorgeous in a much sluttier way. I've turned that kidnapped cheerleader into a beautiful bitch in heat. I like stilettos, black corsets, panties, garters and transparent lace. I have a big graphic archive of these things. Think about it. You have a girl in the basement. It can be charming to see her naked all day or to dress her as a prostitute, which is even more humiliating. The girls in my comics are almost always innocent to start out, but they can be seduced by what they wear. Any woman is gorgeous in black leather. She can be a dominatrix or a slave or both. To what extent is the victim not a victim of her own desires? By costuming her in different ways she can be made to assume the different identities of those various desires.

HT: We often see things in sex comics that would be impossible in real life, but in yours everything looks like it could actually happen.

LKL: I often see impossible poses that could never exist off the page. Perhaps I did some in the beginning but I prefer a more believable approach now. I know how much weight the arms can withstand, how far the legs can be spread and so on. Some women and men are more flexible than others, and I play a little with those limits, but you have to respect nature. Sometimes my partner and I try getting into those poses to see if they're feasible—where the weight centers, how the body rests. You have to know a lot of anatomy to draw pornography. You have to know how to draw expressive feet and hands, bodies crashing, squashed fleshy parts, folds of skin, kisses and intimate zones. It's a beautiful kind of art. There are people who look down on this genre, but I love it.

HT: Sometimes you tell the story from a woman's point of view and sometimes from a man's.

LKL: I like to be in both heads. I want to see from all the characters' points of view and imagine their different reactions. Sometimes the men's perspectives are fun. Obviously in my hardest comics they must be because the girls are bound and I can only enjoy their "experiences" before the pain, disgust and desperation become too intense. From the man's perspective the question is: "What can I do with this woman who's all mine?" It's like playing with dolls, only the dolls are human. I dress them how I want and shape them according to my fantasies and perversions.

HT: Would it surprise you to know that your comics are very popular with female readers?

LKL: I love it! I love that women are interested in my work in this field. There are things I do carefully so they can feel comfortable with my art, and it satisfies me to know I'm giving them something motivating and pleasant for their fantasies. I like to think my "badness" motivates all the more through beauty. I'm going to profit from that if girls enjoy it!

HT: We just have to ask, how did you come up with your unusual pen name?

LKL: *Lésbika* is obvious. I love drawing women, which is why I make them more detailed than men. I like watching them, admiring the attitude and beauty of certain girls. "*Leil*" means night in Arabic, modified to *Leih*, which sounds more sophisticated. Thus, "the lesbian night." It's a fantasy and a fetish, mixed into a pseudonym. And it's also a double entendre to intrigue male readers. Everything is very much crazy. The universe spins at marvelous speeds. I will never stop admiring life in all senses. I'm a great lover of this universe and greatly appreciative. □





DEAR ANAL ADVISOR:

My wife and I have several of your educational DVDs. Thank you for helping us incorporate anal sex into our repertoire! Although we've tried it twice (I went very slowly per your advice) and it was a success, she's still a little nervous about it. Both times we used a condom. We're wondering, if she has an enema before anal intercourse, is it safe to not wear a condom?

—**Safety First**

DEAR SAFETY:

I'm glad that my movies have assisted you on your anal journey. If you are both monogamous and have been tested for sexually transmitted infections, condom-free anal intercourse is relatively safe. Some couples who don't use condoms for vaginal intercourse choose to use them for anal sex so that if it gets a little messy they can simply take off the condom afterward for easy cleanup. If she has an enema beforehand it will reduce the chance of messiness. Your cock will still come into contact with rectal bacteria, but as long as there are no sores or cuts on your penis you should be okay. If you're uncircumcised there is a chance that bacteria from the rectum can get into the foreskin or the urethral opening. This can lead to a foreskin or bladder infection or prostatitis. Men with uncut cocks should be especially mindful about using condoms or cleaning up thoroughly afterwards.

DEAR ANAL ADVISOR,

I'm very oral and would love to deeply rim a woman's ass for hours. I also find the idea of ass-to-mouth incredibly exciting, but my true obsession is the idea of eating food out of a (clean!) female ass. I'm not into scat at all and I can see the irony of my inclinations. Chocolate would be a turn-off, but sucking a peeled banana out of her ass, bite by bite, as she sits on my face is one of my favorite fantasies. Likewise, having her fuck her ass with a carrot, then pulling it out and letting me eat it every few minutes until it's gone would be superhot. Letting me push grapes or cherries deep into her ass with my tongue, then feeding them to me again—instant orgasm. Candy canes, hot dogs, Twizzlers or whipped cream would all be delightful to consume in this way. While ass-to-mouth is now common in porn, and I've seen discussions about it

ANAL ADVISOR

BY TRISTAN TAORMINO



Welcome to my column, *Anal Advisor*. I'm Tristan Taormino, author of *The Ultimate Guide to Anal Sex for Women* and producer/director/star of the video of the same name. I receive dozens of letters and e-mails daily about anal sex, and I love to share a few of those questions and answers with all of you. For more anal advice and adventures, check out my Web site, puckerup.com, and my reality porn series for Vivid called *Chemistry*.

online, there is not much information regarding what I like to call a "butt buffet," in honor of your reply in a 2004 *Anal Advisor* column. I guess I'm kind of combining ass-to-mouth, wet and messy, and



sploshing fetishes, but I'm only interested in the food if it was up her ass first. Is there a name for my particular kink? How often does this activity come up when people write to you? Do you have any thoughts on how I might find others with similar interests?

—**Anal Appetizer Aficionado**

DEAR AFICIONADO:

No one has ever asked me about this! So, congratulations, A.A.A., you're a first. You're not the only one out there fantasizing about or doing this kind of play. It just means that I haven't crossed paths with them until now. Thank you for literally making my day. I love to discover and research new things. Technically, what you describe is a form of *sitophilia*, since the definition of that fetish is quite broad: arousal from erotic situations involving food. Your turn-on incorporates elements of ass-to-mouth, splosh and the wet-and-messy fetish but, as you said, it's also specific and unique. I recognize the impor-

tance of language and naming our desires, so I'm going to coin a term here: *anobanchettophilia*, meaning arousal from eating food that comes out of the ass (it kind of translates to mean arousal from an ass banquet, but combines Old Italian, Latin and Greek, so word geeks will probably be horrified). For gauging how common this interest is and finding others who are into it, I went to the best source: *FetLife.com*. There are plenty of folks there (hundreds at least) whose desires overlap or are in sync with yours. Under Groups, search "food play," "eating from orifices," or "food ass," and find your comrades!

DEAR ANAL ADVISOR,

I like to put things in my butt when I masturbate. I bought a butt-plug but it wasn't enough. Then I tried a smooth dildo (the Tantus Silk in the largest size)

and it's awesome. Now I want to be able to gape like a porn star. It seems best to step up in increments, working my way up the Tantus toy ladder from Adam (one and five-eighths inches) to A-Bomb (two and a half inches). I figure I can try each one for a week, using the previous sizes as a warm-up. Would this be the right way to go about it? After I can fit a bigger one in my ass comfortably, do I need to warm up every time with the

smallest one?

—**Gaping Ambition**

DEAR AMBITION:

I would definitely recommend that you work your way up from smaller toys to larger ones. Because the anal sphincters are such tight rings of muscles, I would suggest you always begin with the smallest toy first or with a finger. The time it takes to progress from one toy to the next will likely get shorter as you become more acclimated to and experienced with anal penetration. But you can't skip steps. No matter how experienced your ass may be, starting from zero is best. I've gotten lots of letters from folks who aspire to "gape like a porn star," so let me say this: Some women gape, others don't. This plan of yours is a great method for working your way up to big toys, but don't set yourself up for disappointment. If you shift your goal from gaping to enjoying anal pleasure in a variety of ways, you're much more likely to be satisfied in the end. □

BLANCHE Mags.net



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Ring-gagged and shackled to the basement steps naked, Blanche crouches on aching arches, keeping herself wide open at the sound of Master's approaching boots. Spread out this way, maybe she'll get fucked first, but it's not to be. He already has the whip in his hand. Blanche has been a bad girl, taking advantage of her new slave sister without permission. She deserves to have her tits, thighs and cunt lashed hard and long. Cruel clover clamps and a rubber dick shoved down her throat are only to be expected. Still, it can't hurt trying to distract him by demonstrating her lack of a gag reflex. All that gets her is an extra 50 on her ass.

Of course, Blanche has no toilet privileges, and losing control of her bladder on the steps provides Master with further reason to humiliate and punish her. Blanche hates being shackled in the metal crib. It's too small for her, and she has to scrunch up around whatever objects are inserted in her holes, high and low. Pumping her mouth and pussy at the same time he gets her to the begging stage quickly. Having to masturbate to orgasm while he watches is shameful. Only at the very end is she offered a chance at redemption by presenting her freshly striped backside properly over the railing so Master can put her pierced cunt to proper use.

At this rate, Blanche may yet make it out of the cellar, but neither one of them wants it to happen too soon.

Photography by MATTI KLATT

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VIRGA AND EXO HOT TO THE BLOCK

Photography by KEN MARCUS

Virga goes on sale today, but not before a final round with the trainer who made her the fine bitch she is today. She kneels for him wide open like she's been taught and manages a scared look when menaced with the whip, but Virga can't quite conceal a smile when Exo bends her over, putting his hard hand to her soft ass until she's cherry-red back there. He does give a fine spanking. The least she can do is tug down his zipper with her teeth and give his cock a memorable farewell. She'll miss his meat bumping the back of her throat.

It's only fitting that she gets her fucking while cuffed to the bar. She's worked hard on holding herself up so he can fuck her from behind, braced





ing her bare feet against his knees.

He's rough and right as always, stretching her long legs wide, bending her over front and back so he can slap his slab in her from every direction. In between he yanks her tits and smacks her butt. Only after she comes, lying on her back on the block where she'll soon be merchandise, is Virga granted the privilege of a mouthful of spurting jizz. She masturbates shamelessly while she gulps it down, ready to prove as dirty as any deviant master could desire.

No girl fetches a better price than one who's already wet and dripping when they put her on show. It's her trainer's final touch in more ways than one.

















HEY! Greaseball!..get up here 'n meet
the guest of honor! We gotta set 'er
up for a full battalion CLUSTERFUCK!

Oh GOD..what NOW?? UUGHI

CAMP SIERRA ECHO X-RAY *Indefinite* DETENTION

Aw SHEE-IT.. Sarge..Ain't got
no TIME fer dat! Gawd-Damn!!
Gotta real fuck up here ta fix!

Naaah..I think it can
WAIT a bit LONGER.

uuuuuuuuuhhhh.....yeah..

oh shit..

Oh HELL yeah Sarge! We gunna git
rite strate ON 'dis here pro-jec't!
I got JUS' da THANG fer 'DIS!!

OOUGH!! GET your NASTY ASS OFF ME!!

Aw..HUNEE!!
U be NICE..

NNNNMFFF!!

I don't think the bitch
LIKES you Greaseball!!!

Naw Sarge, she jus' don't
KNOW me jus' yet, see?
We gotta have dat, Y'no,
For-mal inter-duc-chun..



I would PREFER the Titanium grey for you today Senator, but we do have your usual BLUE on hand, though I think the Ti more intimidating, don't you?

Sir?

HIT me up, Luther..

Of course Senator! Afghan Black again?

Fuck YES..

Shit'll keep yer dick ROCK HARD!

Jus like dis HERE PUSSY!!

UUMF!!

Oh yes SIR Senator, I hear that!

So, Senator...the Ti Grey?

GAG..

COUGH..

GAG..

COUGH..



SIR..approaching Camp
XRay..Sir..sir?

Senator? Sir??

Mr. Chairman..Senator? We
will be LANDING soon..SIR?

Uh..Uh HUH..Um Hmm...

Security Chairman FEELIE..Senator SIR..
I suggest we get you DRESSED now sir, ok?
Don't you want to inspect the new detainees?

IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF HUSTLER'S **TABOO**®

Jayden's foolish rebellion earns her a day bound naked on the steel mesh for punishment. Each of her keepers adds a twist—clothespins on her meaty cunt lips, clamps for her tender tits, a fat ball-gag to stretch her jaws, a hard glass dildo roped deep in her gash, a hard leather paddle to warm her backside for the thick, biting rattan cane that leaves deep, crimson stripes. Her pleas for mercy earn her no more than a rough fuck and a chance to piss on the ground while her tormentors laugh. She'll break soon like all the others. Before her training is complete she'll be well-prepared to serve her new owner.

Veronica's flesh sizzles under the hot sun, making it all the more vulnerable to the flogger. Strung up on a rusty swing set she's groped, mauled, penetrated with fat dildos, whipped where it hurts worst and used in every hole until she's sticky, sweaty and thoroughly defiled by the time they drag her through the dirt as a final reminder of what a slave's life is all about. She'll be cleaned up nicely and ready to serve when she's presented later that night. And serve Veronica will, unless she needs another lesson in humility.

These are just two of the fine sub-babes in store for next time. There will be others—bound, buggered, tortured and tinkling as they serve their demanding Masters and Mistresses. In between you'll find our informative advice columns, raunchy kink-sex stories, pervy event coverage and features exploring the depths of our darker instincts. The spring heat wave sets in early this year!

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